

ZION'S HERALD.

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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.	PAGE
The Dying Year: 1876. — Durbin, James, McClinton. — The Illinois Conference of 1846. — A Cunning Device. — FROM OUR EXCHANGES.	409
MISCELLANEOUS.	
The Spirit of Slavery. — A Question of the Hour. — Reply to Bishop Wiley by the Boston Preachers' Meeting. — Trust. — Pastor's Study Bible. — Rambles Among Books. — OUR BOOK TABLE.	410
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.	
Missionary Department. — W. F. M. Society. — Freedman's Aid Society. — Suggestive Service. — Boston Market. — Advertisements.	411
EDITORIAL.	
Let Us Be Just. — Christian Communism. — Editorial Items.	412
NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.	
Massachusetts. — Maine. — East Maine. — Rhode Island. — Kansas Correspondence. — Zion's Herald Advertisements for 1877. — Advertisements.	413
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. — THE FAMILY.	
Hoop New Year. — Two Christmas Leaders. — Handel, the Musician. — A Legend of St. Francis. — Story of a Bank Note. — Sectionals, etc.	414
CHARITABLE. — DOMESTIC RECIPES. — ORNAMENTAL. — ADVERTISEMENTS.	415
Business Notices. — Church Register. — Marriages. — Reading Notices. — Advertisements. — Index to Volume LIII.	416

THE DYING YEAR—1876.

BY REV. M. TRAYTON, D. D.

The old year is dying, alas! alas!
The old year is dying to-day;
A few moments more, and his form shall pass
Through the portals dark, where the
crowding mass
Of his forefathers passed away.
He is feeble and old, wrinkled and gray,
His locks are white as the snow;
Dying alone—none wish him to stay;
He has outlived his friends; not one left to
say,
"God bless you!"—With the dead let him
go!
But yesterday saw him, in bright robes clad,
An infant all blooming and fair;
Around him a crowd so hopeful and glad,
Not an eye was blurred, not a heart was
sad,
As they gazed on the wonder there.
What fullness of promise flashed from his
eyes!
What gifts filled his dimpled hands!
Wealth for the poor, for the loser a prize;
The creamer shall wake with a glad sur-
prise;
Hope marshals her joyous bands.
We waited and longed, as the winged hours
flew,
For the fruitage of budding and bloom,
Till the vertical sunbeams fell, and we
knew
The morning promise had proved untrue,
Up to this hour of noon.
And his friends fell off, with looks of scorn,
And rushed from the old to the new;
Some cursed him, and wished he had never
been born;
The rose of his promise, some said, was a
thorn
To pierce them through and through.
The sun declined, and his last beams there
Gave a glint to the mountain's brow;
And only the hearts now stung by de-
spair,
And quivering lips that breathe a prayer
For death, are with him now.
So let him pass, whether false or true;
Without cure let him pass away;
He has done the best that a year can do.
Can the same be said of me or you—
Our best in each passing day?

DURBIN, JAMES, MCCLINTOCK.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, LL. D.

It has pleased God to bless Method-
ism, from the beginning, with a special
class of men—great men—many of
whom would have been conspicuous in
almost any position, whether of Church
or State. Wesley, Coke, Fletcher, Ben-
son, Adam Clark, Watson, Bunting,
Newton, and others, are lofty historic
personages in the annals of the denomi-
nation, on the other side of the Atlantic.
On this side have been Asbury, McKen-
zie, Soile, Bascom, Sumnerfield, Olin,
Fisk, Bangs, James, Durbin, McClinton,
and not a few others, now among the
dead, to say nothing of the living. The
last three we have placed at the head
of this article, as among the most emi-
nent of our recent dead. McClinton
has been some time in his honored
grave, but the late appearance of his
Memoir, by Crooks, brings him up be-
fore us afresh, and it seems but yester-
day that we lost him.
A cause that produces a continu-
ous series of such men, must have some-
thing in it tending to greatness of char-
acter, and a providential destiny de-
manding them. Moreover, their lives
become an interesting lesson which the
Church may well ponder.
We have already heard much of Dur-
bin, but could say much more. He was
one of the characteristic products of
American Methodism—a man who could,
probably, have never risen in any other
Church; for his early circumstances
and personal disadvantages were such
as Methodism could alone accommo-
date, in the period of American history
in which his public life began. It is
difficult to describe him to a reader who
never heard him; and to do him real jus-
tice one is compelled to be apparently
somewhat invidious, if not disparaging.
He was, we think, as eloquent a man as
ever appeared in the

American pulpit, and yet he was elo-
quent without being an orator—if we
use the two words in their ordinary ap-
plications. His personal appearance
was inferior; his head small, with hard-
ly an intellectual indication; his features
quite devoid of any remarkable expres-
sion, except his eye, when it flashed in
those surprising, sudden bursts of elo-
quence which no one who heard him
ever forgot. His voice was not affected,
like that of James, by disease, but it
was naturally defective; it has been
described as "whining." He habitu-
ally drawled, except in the brief inter-
vals when he was electrified, and elec-
trified all his audience by the sudden
outbursts to which we have alluded, and
of which no adequate idea can be con-
veyed to readers who never heard him.
He had no oratorical gestures. No man,
in fine, that we have known, was ever
so eloquent with so little use of oratori-
cal art.

These personal and vocal disad-
vantages were hardly compensated by
any very remarkable intellectual ad-
vantages. He had educated himself,
and did so bravely and persistently;
but his intellectual range was not large,
and, though he was much addicted to
original speculation, and apparently
sought to introduce into almost every
sermon some startling hypothesis, he
was not a profound thinker. He never
could have become a critical and au-
thoritative theologian; and it was the
disturbance of his soundness, or safety,
that led our guiding minds to hesitate about
his promotion, till his rare executive
ability, as college president and Presid-
ing Elder, forced them to recognize his
unparalleled competence for the mis-
sionary secretaryship—the grandest office,
as we conceive, in the denomination. He
was fond of the natural sciences, and
early edited a book on them and their
relations to theology, but he did not
keep pace with their rapid progress.
His style was inelegant, if not feeble,
and he did not succeed as editor of the
Christian Advocate at New York. His
"Travels" are well written, but it is
well known that McClinton (then one
of his professors at Carlisle) gave them
his own style. His occasional published
sermons disappointed all readers, not
only in style, but in contents. His ser-
mon on Washington's birthday, deliv-
ered in the national capitol, produced
an extraordinary sensation; it was es-
teemed a miracle of eloquence, but in
print it commanded no attention. But
all these detractions only prove the
greatness of his eloquence. His pulpit
power was in spite of them. Though
many a hearer, to whom his reputation
was unknown, has hastened out of the
church at the beginning of his dis-
course, no one who heard him fifteen
minutes ever thought again of his de-
fects, till the preaching was over, and
then only to wonder at and admire the
marvelous contrast of the defects and
splendors of the sermon.

One of the most eloquent preachers
we have ever had, he was also one of
our greatest executive officers. The
Church never possessed a more able
collegiate president, and seldom as able
a Presiding Elder. In the missionary
secretaryship he was almost matchless.
The New York *Methodist* speaks feel-
ingly of his treatment, as a candidate for
the episcopate. Unquestionably he
would have been a capital Bishop. His
national reputation, his pulpit power,
and his administrative ability, would
have honored, transcendently, that func-
tion; and we doubt not that the Church,
now that he is gone, regrets any dis-
paraging treatment he may have suffered
in this respect, if any such there were.
It is said that he felt it, though with
quiet submission. But we do not think
he could have been better placed than
where he was—at the head of our
great missionary enterprise throughout
the world.

James was a man of supreme indi-
viduality. He had studied much, but
read little—studied for the law, and
also the medical faculty. His culture
was not large, but his piety was intense,
and might have befitted the best
Quietist among the old Mystics. His
energy was always on fire, but with a
steady, white heat. He would have
been invincible as a military com-
mander. He would have been a *Loyola*,
or a Pope, had he been a Catholic in
medieval Europe. His conservatism
was too inextinguishable; but his quiet self-
control prevented it from doing serious
harm. If he gave a sort of narrowness
to some of his opinions, yet his moral
energy so qualified it, that there was
always a certain grandeur, a real mag-
nificence, in his working powers and
plans. He had St. Paul's convictions
of the theological and practical prin-
ciples of Christianity, and St. Paul's work-
ing heroism. His style was severe and
not elegant ("style is the man"); he
had little intellectual, or aesthetic, but
perfect moral, taste. He would not
read a novel, however good; and pro-
scribed, it is said, even Bunyan's *Pil-
grim's Progress*, because it is a "fic-
tion." He passed twelve times, on his
ministerial travels, within the sound of
Niagara Falls before stopping to look
at that greatest organ of God's worship

on earth. This was no commendable
indication, however heroic his devotion
to his work. Even he, and all men
like him, could do better work, for tak-
ing the little leisure necessary for such
a sight, or for the cultivation of the
taste which would have rendered it im-
possible for him to hasten by it.
As a preacher, James had much of the
disadvantage of Durbin, in respect to
voice and manner. His voice was not
weak; at times he could make it ring
like a clarion; but it was broken, al-
most "squealing." Yet he was one of
the most powerful preachers in the de-
nomination, and as powerful a platform
speaker. In most of his sermons, and
still oftener in his speeches, there was
some grand thought or other—some
heroic phrase, or remarkable illustra-
tion, which gave character to the whole
discourse, and could never be forgotten.
He had a singular capacity to render
interesting and edifying the simplest
train of thought. His style, of both
thought and language, was notably
Wesleyan. We doubt not that he was
a thorough student of Wesley's ser-
mons.

Of McClinton how much could we
say, had we room! But we can men-
tion him now, only to refer the reader
to Crooks's Memoir. We never knew a
more generous heart than his—more
hopeful, more forgiving, more cordial.
His intellect was of the broadest, clear-
est kind. His culture was the most
perfect, we are inclined to think, that
has yet adorned our ministry. He was
often very eloquent in the pulpit, or on
the platform, but public speaking was
not his best forte; his pen was his
greatest power; and it is to be pro-
foundly regretted, that ill health (some-
what exaggerated by a "nervous" ap-
prehension) and habitual devotion to
practical schemes, absorbed so much
of his time as to deprive him of the op-
portunity of producing any durable lit-
erary monument of his superb intellect.
His Methodology is an imperfect
production, reported from his lectures
by a student. His sermons are a simi-
lar report of *extempore* discourses.
His *Cyclopedia* is a grand work, but
like all such publications must disap-
pear before successors. His style was
one of the most perfect examples of pure
English ever presented by an American
writer. He never wrote (as he himself
said of his friend, Dr. James Floy), a
bad sentence of English.

Such, in brief, are three of the most
notable recent characters in the already
numerous and imposing portrait gallery
of Methodist history. We have but de-
signed, not described them. They will
render forever conspicuous our
epoch in that history.

THE ILLINOIS CONFERENCE OF 1846.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

By an exercise of episcopal prerogative,
barely tolerated in these liberal
days, three men were intruded upon the
Illinois Conference at its session in 1846,
without previous consultation with the
Conference, or its cabinet of elders.
They were cordially welcomed, never-
theless, because they came, not to take
the "first appointments," but to offer
the Conference college—McKendree
at itinerant preachers' salaries. The
new professors reached Lebanon in Au-
gust of that year, and painted and white-
washed the presidential mansion—a
long, low, narrow, white, wood cottage,
situated at the head of a beautiful cam-
pus, and suitably bespoken with par-
lor, sitting-rooms, dining-room, and
kitchen. Having attended a camp-
meeting or two, one of which was en-
livened by what Artemas Ward would
have called the "cheerful" murder of
one of the best and oldest Methodists
in the region, because he interfered with
the pastime of a drunken youngster who
had a weak fondness for stoning cam-
pmeeting, they hired sundry teams, sin-
gle and double, and started for Confer-
ence, held that year at Paris, four days
distant, on the east side of the State.
Half a dozen wagons traveled in
company, while some of the party
followed the favorite mode of the
frontier, and rode horseback. In that
tavernous region every log cabin of-
fered hotel hospitalities, and dealt out
food and lodging for silver "bits" to
chance travelers. The universal charge
was ten cents for supper, ten for dinner,
ten for lodging, ten for breakfast, and
ten for horse-keeping. In fifteen min-
utes after we rode up to a cabin in the
edge of the timber, or prairie, there was
an ominous cackling and squalling
among the feathered gentry, and in half
an hour more we were served to a sum-
ptuous meal of hot biscuits, hot corn-
bread, hot coffee and fried chicken.
Methodist preachers were universally
welcomed, and they foraged upon the
people soot free. At one place the dogs
were trained to catch chickens when
strangers arrived and called for dinner.
One day a couple of black coats knocked
at the door while the family was away.
Finding no one at home, they rode on.
The dogs, however, started off instantly
on the usual hunt for poultry, and hav-

ing no one to call them off killed every
chicken on the place before the family
retained!

The second night out, we slept, four-
teen of us, on the floor of a log cabin
of ordinary size. We preached to a
neighborhood congregation in the even-
ing, and were most bountifully fed and
most royally entertained, without price.
Where the family bestowed themselves,
whether in garrets or hay-ricks, I never
knew.

Next night a hospitable Methodist fur-
nished three-fourths of the faculty of
McKendree college with a single, nar-
row, rickety bed—the best to be had
in his cabin—and said, as he took away
the light (the only one on the premises),
"Good night, brethren, I reckon as how
you will have a right smart chance of a
sermon (crowd) there before morning!"

The Conference session was presided
over by Bishop Hamline, unknown, ex-
cept by report, to the rising generation.
He was portly, dark-featured, gentle-
manly, well-educated, a fine orator, a
littérateur, a lawyer, a judicious and
sprightly editor, a finished rhetorician,
a courtly presiding officer, the lowest
type of a low Churchman, and an as-
cetic in religion. Some queer stories
used to be afloat respecting his over-
much religiousness. Sue B., of Spring-
field, Illinois, told the writer, with a
girl's exaggeration, doubtless, that
their family was called together "eleven
times a day" for worship during a brief
sojourn of Bishop Hamline in the house-
hold. *En route* for a Conference, the sev-
eral wagon-loads of preachers that con-
stituted the Bishop's cortege were called
to alight at every timber-shade they
came to, for a "season of prayer," till it
became so irksome that "Charley Eli-
ott" put a stop to it by a shrewd, char-
acteristic device far more witty than el-
egant.

During the first week of the session,
Bishop Hamline held the reins tightly,
and the Conference was most religiously
conducted. No ascetic abbot of the
middle centuries ever kept his monks
under more strenuous discipline. A
modern General Conference is a brawling,
political convention, a Tammany
mob, beside this thoroughly controlled
body of a hundred preachers. Even the
lawless Cartwright was overawed and
subdued.

There had been a lively curiosity
among the new transfers, on arriving
at the Conference, to see Peter Cart-
wright, known to them mainly through
his quips and jokes, singular speeches
and singular ways. We went West
expecting to see an old woman; we
found an old bear. His face was as
roughly corrugated as a piece of hem-
lock bark, and of a kindred color; be-
hind shaggy, overhanging brows his
two eyes glowed like Ezekiel's burning
coals; his voice was loud and positive;
and, for years, he ruled his Conference
with an iron will, driving out of it those
who would not be silent or submissive
to his sway. He had good judgment,
joined with keen perceptions; was gen-
erally right, and often in minorities;
he never decided a subject till he had
"drawn a bead on it"; he was jolly,
sportive, witty, and in dead earnest,
while he convulsed deliberative bodies
with his most side-splitting anecdotes
and jokes. Bishop James was one of
the gravest of presiding officers, yet I
once saw him involuntarily fling him-
self back in his chair in spasms of
laughter, which he strove in vain to
suppress or control, the unwilling vic-
tim of Cartwright's resistless, mirth-
provoking power.

Like a considerable class in the
Church to-day, Cartwright was a po-
litico, or, more properly, an ecclési-
astico-religious, whose cardinal belief
was in God and Peter Cartwright, and
in Methodism as the organic embod-
iment of this duality. Ordinary men he
regarded as pawns, food for battles and
gunpowder—any fate that would pro-
mote the ends of the grand central
dualism, God and the ego. As with all
men whom the world calls "disting-
uished," greatness and meekness alter-
nated in his character like the alternat-
ing strata of solid limestone and crum-
bling shale at Niagara Falls. At times
he was grandly right and sublimely
great, and at times, to warty his points,
and even to gratify whims, personal
likes and personal antipathies, he could
stoop to ways, which, if not exactly
wickedly unprincipled, were certainly
piously non-principled.

During the first week of this Confer-
ence, owing to Bishop Hamline's in-
tense religiosity, Cartwright was held
in check, and no especial manifestations
of Cartwrightism made their appear-
ance. On Sunday the Bishop preached
to an immense out-door congregation
(no church would contain the crowds),
in an auditorium rudely extemporized
in a neighboring grove. As he an-
nounced his text—"Blessed are the
pure in heart for they shall see God"—
a glow of satisfaction pervaded the au-
dience, especially the clerical portion
of it. Now, thought we, we shall have
the doctrine of Christian perfection ir-
refragably argued and lucidly illustrat-
ed by a master of its polemics, and a dis-

tinguished tester of its truth by per-
sonal experience. How could we fail
to be edified in mind and heart? We
were doomed to disappointment! Never
was there a more desperate failure in
the way of argument, illustration, or
emotional arousalment—everything
that belongs to a sermon. The Bishop
having failed, it would not be good
manners for anybody else to succeed,
and so Charley Elliott failed as signally
in the afternoon as the Bishop had in
the morning. He spent his hour in
making those grotesque months at the
congregation for which he was famous
—face-twists that would have furnis-
hed Nast's portfolio with caricatures for
a month; and so Sunday went for noth-
ing.

The effect was visible as soon as Con-
ference opened on Monday morning.
Hamline was at a discount; Cartwright
rampant. Then occurred that singular
scene which Milburn made famous in
his "Ride, Axe and Saddle-bags." Cart-
wright descended to his vulgarst and
coarsest, and talked, as no other man
but himself ever did to a respectable
audience. Hamline was shocked and
disgusted, and sought to head off the
tirade. "Brother Cartwright," said he,
"will you pray?" The old frontiers-
man glowered at the Bishop a moment
over his iron-rimmed spectacles, kneeled
down and repeated the Lord's prayer,
got up, and assailed the chair with a
speech something like the following:
"Bishop, prayer-meeting is prayer-
meeting, and Conference is Conference.
When I go to prayer-meeting, I go
there to pray; when I am in Confer-
ence I am there to do Conference busi-
ness, and don't want to be interrupted
by being called on to pray."

"Brother Cartwright," rejoined the
Bishop, in his softest, most imploring,
and most desperate tones, "Brother
Cartwright, are you sanctified? Are
you growing in grace?"
"In spots," replied the old joker,
with an indescribably grim ludicrous-
ness of tone and manner that rendered
it impossible not to join in the general
"audible smile," and poor Bishop
Hamline was annihilated!

Two days after, Conference adjourned
in a different spirit from that of the
first week of its session, and in its
breaking-up reminded me of nothing
so much as of a herd of school-boys
bounding from school-house restraints
with shouts and hurrahs. The influ-
ence of that passage-at-arms was felt
throughout the Conference, and yet
the year. Excessive restraint was suc-
ceeded by excessive license. Unnatural
solemnity was followed, as usual, by
undue levity.

The moral of our tale is this, that
neither Cartwright nor Hamline was a
model, whose characteristic manner a
well-balanced man would choose im-
plicitly to follow.

A CUNNING DEVICE.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

Will there be any end to the devices
sought out, to bring Christianity into
discredit with the ignorant?

Not long since a very ingenious,
novel attempt of the kind was made.
Under a pretense of reducing Christ's
precepts to an honest practice, the hero
of a book was made to involve himself
in all sorts of ridiculous and serious
troubles, and finally to land in a tragic
death. Let us briefly outline him:

Reared up in a rural parish of En-
gland, he accepted all the precepts he
heard in Sunday-school and from the
pulpit, in perfect faith, and undertook,
really and literally, to practice them all
through the seven days of the week.
He humbly asks his vicar, e. g., why
he and his brethren do not live as
Christ and the disciples did; and he
gets miserably snubbed in consequence.
He takes home a poor, fallen girl, and
asks his mother to do Christ's work
over the reprobate. Trusting to the
promise about "noxious things" and
"serpents' bites," he eats poisonous
berries, and nearly dies from their ef-
fects. He "handles serpents," and is
amazed at finding himself severely
bitten. He talks so much sincere re-
ligion to the Christian doctor who at-
tended him, that he gets almost sent to
a lunatic asylum. For honestly trying
to do what he is told that Christ, his
Pattern, did, he is constantly butting
his head against stone-walls, and in-
curring the censure of the very teach-
ers whose precepts he was trying to
practice.

But, as he is not a complete fool, he
finally gives up such a literal attempt
at Gospel practice, and makes a more
practical one—with no better success!
Going to London, he tells his story, and
gains over some companions. They
have all things in common, and engage
in doing good of all possible kinds; but
he finds the actual society about him as
seemingly hostile to the *spirit* of Chris-
tianity as to its *letter*. He tries to re-
form a vile criminal, but gets involved
as an accomplice in his crimes, and is
publicly beaten by the ruffian himself
for his generous intentions. He suc-
ceeds in actually rescuing a poor Mag-

dalen; but he loses reputation among his
neighbors for practicing the only ef-
fectual means of saving her, to wit, by
taking her into his own house. He
sets up a night-school for the loose vil-
lains that swarm in his neighborhood.
But said villains prove turbulent, and
kick up such rows that finally the police
arrest him; and he is thrown for a
month into prison on charge of har-
boring disorderly persons. For this
course his landlady shuts him out of
her premises, and he finds himself
adrift on the streets with none but his
poor Magdalen to befriend him.
"Deeply meditating upon those
things," he comes to the conclusion
that Christianity will stand no chance
of success in the world until society is
utterly revolutionized from top to bot-
tom. Caste and property are its dead-
weight antagonists. These must be swept
away with the dead-level roller of frater-
nity and communism. He accord-
ingly hastens to Paris, and joins the
commune, insanely regarding this mad
delusion as the harbinger of the speedy
conversion of the world. But here his
fate is worse still. He is nearly beaten
to death for professing faith in Christ.
His faithful Magdalen gets shot as a
petroleuse. He escapes to England,
but is there trampled to death by an
enraged mob, on suspicion of being an
atheist, a communist, and a democratic
agitator; and all this, says the book,
for being a more honest practitioner of
Christianity than the pretended ortho-
dox preachers of the same, them-
selves!

The hypocritical animus of the book
is only too apparent; and it would not
deserve notice were it not that it has
such an air of sincerity, and raises such
serious objections to the Christianity of
the day, as are well calculated to be-
wilder the simple-minded.
Let us notice, then, the pretexts it
has for its assaults upon modern Chris-
tianity. It cites five essential features
in which modern religion and modern
Churches are directly antagonistic to the
precepts of Christ and of the New Testa-
ment. These five points are, non-
resistance, alms-giving, imprudence,
denunciation of wealth, and commu-
nism. If these are the Christian virtues,
it is quite certain that modern Chris-
tianity is without them. And how plausi-
ble the case is! For all these five things,
how much plain, direct Scripture may
be cited! But what now is the resolu-
tion of the difficulty? How shall we
hold fast to these Scriptures, and yet
show that these five things, in the sense
intended, are not of the essence of Chris-
tianity?

The solution of the matter is this:
Much of the New Testament is so col-
ored with local references and with
Oriental imagery, that its adaptation to
modern society can only be found by
extracting its true spirit and intention
from the local, temporal, national husk
in which they are imbedded. Thus:

Non-resistance. As private individ-
uals there is a good sense in which the
repression of our instinct of self-defense
and self-justification is of noblest effect.
It is simply this over-haste (which too
often borders on retaliation and revenge)
that Christianity means by its precept,
"Resist not evil."

Alms-giving. This is a virtue under
some conditions of society. Religion
does not sanction its abuse. It insists
that "if any will not work, neither shall
he eat;" and it does so as earnestly as
the most modern economist could de-
sire.

Imprudence. "Take no thought
for the morrow," only condemns a sinful
distrust of the providence of God, and
a forgetting of higher things than "food
and raiment."

Denunciation of wealth. This falls
not upon wealth itself, but only upon the
idolaters seeking it as an end.

Communism. This was only partially
practiced as a temporary convenience
in the peculiar local circumstances of
the infant missionary Church. It is also
a prophetic ideal of how men might
live, were all selfishness taken out of all
hearts. It is a lesson of brotherly con-
fidence.

The real virtue in all these five points
is not lacking in the modern Church;
and this is the virtue that in all of the
points Christ and the apostles intended.
The forms change, but the underlying
spirit is the same in all times and
places.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Granted the great truth of the incarnation
and all else follows, as the singing of birds
and the fragrance of flowers follow the
coming of spring; a Bible that is the voice
of a loving Father to His children; a Christ
that is the robing of the divine Spirit in
human flesh; miracles that are the sign and
seat of the Father's will whereby we are
made heirs of God; immortality not an un-
known continent toward which, like another
Columbus, we set sail over an unknown
sea, but a haven and home where our com-
ing is awaited by expectant friends; and
God no longer the Unknown, but "our Fa-
ther which art in heaven." Thus Christmas
optimizes Christian theology.—*Christian Union.*

In near twenty years of more or less so-
litude for the Church, we have never seen
the time wherein God is more manifestly
waiting to be gracious than now! Post-
pone your socialities, your receptions, your
parties, your merry-makings, and by your
labor, your personal appeals, your prayer,
and your faith, discover how every young
person can be brought to a joy and a peace,
and the vestibule of a life better and deeper
and sweeter than all the winter festivities
that ever seduced a Church to sloth or de-
lay when Christ passed so near to her por-
tals and would fain have entered in saving
and abiding power.—*Northwestern.*

As the earth must have its sun, so the
soul must have its Christ. The longing of
every heart is for power to look beyond the
mists and darkness of life, to penetrate
through the seen to the unseen, and learn
something of the character of Deity and of
His purpose concerning us. That is a long-
ing which men will ever have, let the com-
ing ages bring with them what they may,
and one which has never been so fully sat-
isfied as in the person of Mary's gentle Son.
There may be those who, in the future as
now, will continue to claim that philosophy
and science, and the natural religion which
grows out of them, suffice to answer man's
questions as to God and human destiny; but
this class, as to-day, will always be small.
The world calls for bread, and will not be
satisfied with husks. It can only feed its
hunger on the manna of Revelation; and
until God shall vouchsafe unto it a higher
manifestation of His wisdom, love and
power, it cannot give up its Christ.—*Christian Leader.*

Excitement and extravagance indeed!
Think of the excitements of sin and the
devil from which these men are saved.
Think of the excitements and the excesses
of their former lives; the excitements of
street brawls, of midnight revels in saloons,
of beer gardens and Sunday theatres, of broken-
hearted wives and starving children,
and ruined homes, while sin and tragedy
and sin reigned. And then think of the sol-
emn, thoughtful, prayerful excitement of
the poor prodigal, come to his senses at the
inquiry-room, meditating on his past life,
and resolving to go back to his Father's
house! Think of the serious, subdued, rever-
entia! aspect of that great multitude of
eight thousand souls at the Tabernacle,
night after night, and Sabbath after Sabbath,
listening for hours to God's messages of sal-
vation, or catching the last dying strains of
melody in a stillness so profound that every
worshiper might think himself alone with
God. During all these protracted meetings,
and amid these vast assemblages of all
classes of people, peace, order, harmony,
sobriety, reverence, and the very spirit of
courtesy, and fraternal kindness, have held
absolute sway. We venture to say that no
audiences ever met in Chicago, even of the
cultivated and select few, in their elegant
drawing-rooms, and their most consecrated
sanctuaries more marked by perfect decor-
um, and free from every approach to any-
thing like disorder or fanaticism, than these
vast, silent, thoughtful, awe-inspired audi-
ences at the Tabernacle.—*The Interior.*

If every Christian family in the land would
deny themselves to the extent of a pound of
tea per year, a pound of sugar per week, and
would retrench only a little in the use of such
luxuries as coffee, and butter, and silks and
laces, and the like, the Lord's treasury would
be full to overflowing even in these hard
times. When Christians exercise self-denial,
the Word of the Lord will run very swiftly,
till it encompasses the ends of the earth and
sheds its light on every soul that lives.
For want of this self-denial the Board of one
of our largest denominations is obliged to an-
nounce to the people for whom it acts, "we
dare not act till the treasury is replenished;"
and another declares, "we have been forced
to postpone all appropriations until the mind
and will of the Church can be known." This
is bringing the responsibility directly home
to every one who professes and calls him-
self a Christian. No Christian can evade
this responsibility, because he cannot evade
his accountability to Him who will be the
judge of quick and dead at the last great day.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A LETTER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

The reader may be ready to ask, where was the conductor? He was careful to keep away, apparently! We asked the Charleston gentlemen why the conductor would allow such work on the car? And they said in reply, that his life would not be worth five cents if he should undertake to interfere with these men. The man who had been one of the leaders in this abuse, came to us, before we left the car, and apologized for his conduct, saying he should not have done as he did but others in the car set him on, and urged him to do it. It turns out,

A QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

A careful computation from the last census shows that forty per cent. of the legal voters of the United States cannot read and write, or are classed "illiterate." Now, it is not a task which requires much logical sagacity, to estimate what a power this mass of ignorance can be, in the hands of whatever party or set of leaders may gain control of it. A large proportion of it has, time after time, shown its willingness to put its votes in the market to be sold to the highest bidder, while the mass of the remainder has been the pitiful victim of terror. To say the least, it is certainly a sad comment on our national greatness, if the native-born

Good works constitute a refreshing stream in this world, wherever they are found flowing. And behind them all, if they are genuine, and above them, as their fountain, love will sooner or later certainly be found. It is never good works alone, but "love and good works" as a complex whole, which make the fountain and its flowing stream. — *Arnold.*

The world is ever striving for happiness, and in the striving, missing that repose which is one of its primary elements.

DEAR BISHOP: At the time of your removal West, the underground were ap-

Boston, Dec. 9.

BY J. L. ORDWAY.

Dear Lord! my spirit towards Thee flies
In eager, earnest quest;
I trust my burdens to Thy love,
And find sweet peace and rest.
Still let me ever heavenward soar,
As days and years go by,
And, oh! receive my soul at last
In worlds beyond the sky.

BY REV. J. O. THOMPSON.

Any society wishing to make its pastor, or any minister's wife desiring to make her husband a Christmas or New Year's present which shall be "joy forever," can do no better than to procure, at 23 Franklin Street, one of these beautiful and durable "Pastor's Study Bibles." Their Teacher's Bible with its great variety of sizes, styles of binding and prices, is in its line.

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

A Hundred Years of Methodism, by Bishop Simpson (Nelson & Phillips) opens with an eloquent *resumé* of the last century's progress, and then rapidly sketches the growth of the Methodist seed from its germ, then to its full corn in the ear of to-day. It compresses this century into a hundred or two pages, but never confuses or crowds the columns. Every chief event in our

Our Book Table.

Dodd & Mead publish in a beautiful form the collected poems of Mrs. Mary Low Dickinson. It makes a small quarto of 10 pages, and is entitled *EDELWEISS; An Alpine Rhyme*. This is the first poem, and

Apples of Gold is Vol. V of the beautiful child's paper published for the American Tract Society, Boston, by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., which forms a delightful present for the youngest of the family.

Dr. McCosh's clear and admirable treatment of THE DEVELOPMENT HYPOTHESIS has been published in a well-bound pamphlet by Robert Carter & Brothers.

Mr. B. C. G. Field, a retired manufacturer of Montague City, Mass., an skeptically inclined, after reading work entitled, "Acquaintance with God," written by Rev. E. A. Wyman of that place, was so impressed by it that he sent the author a check for \$1,000 and has since joined the Church.

charges and the pledges of General and Annual Conferences, there is great incongruity. In every Annu-

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Co. 414 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 254
The new Baby Soap, made by Robinson Bros. & 214

ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BRIMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1876.

interregnum in our Bi-hopper; to each Bishop his field is the whole Church; but, by a wholesome regulation of General Conference, the local residence of these honored chief ministers has been arranged so as to give the various dioceses in the great field the advantage of personal supervision and familiar acquaintance with one member of the body. Boston has been made an episcopal city, and Bishop Foster made this city his home as soon as his predecessor left. We have long since learned to respect and love him; but last week, Wednesday, at Bromfield Street Church, which is the nearest, by its memorials and the impressive public exercises, to a Methodist that have occurred upon this site, the eventful cathedral in Boston, all this sincere work was crystallized into an appropriate form, and

or intentionally, will be made. An illustration of this is alluded to in the last *Christian Advocate*. A discussion occurred in a late New York Methodist preachers' meeting upon the state of the Church. During the progress of it, certain very strong, disparaging expressions were made, relating to the numerical, financial, and spiritual condition of Methodism in that vicinity as compared with previous years. The strongest of these statements, without qualification, were gathered up by a reporter of the *Sun*, and presented without any of the modifying phrases or explanations of the speakers, and the well-considered opinions of certain of the ablest Methodist ministers of New York, in reference to the demoralization and approaching ruin of their Church. Now, in these discussions, each speaker represents but one side of the question. Glynn con-

In spite of apparent facts and figures, however, we honestly believe no Church gives more freely, constantly, or abundantly, in proportion to its means, than ours. The Churches with which we are compared are compact bodies, long established, like the Congregationalists.

and Christian love—a State wherein the most divergent, and, as they seem at present, antagonistic, interests are brought into harmonious activity; a State wherein the natural affections shall exist in their purest strength, producing ordered relations of

lendon are they effective, or to be considered as powers, the Christian may lift his head in hope and his heart in joy, notwithstanding the apparent sway of evil principalities and powers. If he cannot precisely utter the excla-

people. The address is, in many respects, considering its source, a remarkable production. It is written in a pure and vigorous style, showing much cultivation and a rare grasp of principles. Mr. Rogers believes in a form of Christian communism; not in socialism, but in a practical exhibition of the spirit of Christ on the part of

Dr. Marcus P. Hatfield, son of Rev. R. M. Hatfield, D. D., and Miss Hattie, daughter of Bishop Davis, were married at Evans

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Mr. Horace King, of Thompsonville, Conn., sends out from the New England Agency, four additional numbers of Zella's Popular Encyclopedia, compiled by L. Colby, L.L.D., and published in Philadelphia, by T. E. Zell, Davis & Co. One half the work (the first volume) is now completed and the remainder will come rapidly from the press. It will form an admirable universal dictionary, with ample illustrations and maps.

A short but very agreeable Christmas service was held at the M. E. Church, Newton, last Monday afternoon. The editor of this paper, assisted by the pastor of the Church, Rev. W. E. Huntington, united in marriage, Mr. Alonzo S. Wood, of Newton, and Mrs. Alice B. Bishop, of Concord, N. H. The many friends of the Publisher of ZION'S HERALD will join in the hearty wishes and benedictions of the pleasant occasion.

Prof. W. Wells, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., has been delivering a lecture upon the Eastern Question, in various places in New York, of which the local papers speak with unqualified praise. He has made this subject a special study, and few men in the country better understand its manifold relations, or are so well prepared to speak intelligently and instructively upon this, at present, overshadowing European controversy.

Bromfield Street church was filled to hear the Christmas discourse of Bishop Foster. His subject was the human side of Jesus, the Son of Mary. It was one of the Bishop's happiest, tenderest, and most able efforts. At the close he rose to a wonderful fervor of devout eloquence, awakening the hearty responses of his audience. A collection was taken up at the termination of the service for the Freedmen's Aid Society.

This time of gladness is also a time of sadness to many. Death makes no pause, and spares neither age nor season. With the joyful music of Christmas bells many minor keys are bleeding, and the only lights in some homes are those of funeral tapers. A heavy stroke of affliction has fallen upon Mr. Warren A. Rogers, the foreman of our printing office, who has grown gray in years of faithful and efficient service upon this paper. He has been called to part from his wife, a woman of many virtues and of great kindness of heart, to whom he was wedded nearly a generation ago. Being without children, the blow is peculiarly crushing. The sympathies of many friends will, we doubt not, be joined with our own.

The Universalist Register for 1877, is a very serviceable manual as well as a carefully arranged calendar. It has the important denominational statistics, and answers nearly every question that one can ask as to churches, charities, educational institutions and ministry of that denomination. It is very thoroughly edited.

To a fault finder, "Mister Horn" once said, "Look here, dear friend, get your eyes fixed on something else than my faults; for if you do, you will never find a fault in me." To do some good somewhere. Carl wheels grumble and creak sometimes for want of grease, but very often it is for want of work; and you'll never give it for want of greasing and grumbling till you do something."

A New England Presiding Elder proffers, as a gratuitous prescription for ministerial health, his own hygienic course. He has taken no vacation for twenty years, and has preached an average of fifteen times each fortnight; he has been sick but twice. He is still as hearty as a buck, as good a preacher as ever, and, indeed, he grows a little better annually; and he does his work now as easily and cheerfully as a score of years ago.

We are indebted to President G. M. Steele, D. D., for a copy of the catalogue of Lawrence University for the current year. The institution has a strong faculty of professors; three of them ladies. It has 96 students in the collegiate department, 65 in the preparatory, and 25 in the juvenile department. The institution is doing excellent work and enjoying deserved prosperity.

Mrs. Rev. S. A. Cushing, who was present at the late celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the dedication of the Bromfield Street Church, and formed the living link between the exercises of both occasions, having also attended the original dedication seventy years before, died suddenly last Tuesday at her home in Somerville, aged 76. With her, sudden death was simply translation to paradise.

The Christmas Interior is a remarkable number, considering that it is a non-Protestant sheet. Old prejudices are evidently going under, and the non-conformist joins with the Churchman in praying "God bless us all," at Christmas-tide. It is a beautiful and bright issue, with a poetic and illustrated cover.

Dr. J. M. Buckley's lecture in the Church Street course was particularly interesting. His subject was "Dollars and Cents." It was both witty and wise, keeping his hearers in remarkably good humor, and at the same time giving them valuable information upon a topic now widely discussed.

We have an interesting letter from Prof. John Johnston, of Wesleyan University, who is enjoying a period of recreation in the mild climate of the Bermudas, with Mrs. Johnston and one of his sons. He writes that all is improving in health. We shall publish his letter next week.

The American publishers of "The Bible and the Sunday-school," containing the addresses delivered at the late Sunday-school parliament, held at Thousand Islands, are Lee and Shepard, Boston.

Rev. B. W. Chase of the M. E. Church, Hooksett, N. H., edits the Hooksett Sentinel, which being published only occasionally, and when the interests of the Church are advanced by it, involves no pecuniary peril, and brings much temporary gratification.

"Mister Horn" used to say, "he had far too much else to do to grumble. That takes more time than 'most anything else that I know, for I never knew a grumbler yet that ever had a moment to do any good with."

Mr. Eben Shute, 36 Bromfield Street, has prepared a variety of beautiful ornate cards with greetings from a superintendent to his Sunday-school, \$2.50 to \$5.50 a hundred.

A correspondent in Baltimore writes, that "the HERALD, like old wine, grows richer with age. I never knew it to be so spiritual and so full as to-day. May all the children loyally remember their venerable, sprightly, sanctified mother, for 1877."

Rev. E. A. Tins writes us that the Webster Square Church, Worcester, will be dedicated on Thursday, Jan. 4 - Dr. S. F. Upham preaching in the afternoon, and Rev. R. R. Meredith in the evening.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NOTES FROM CATHOLIC. At Marston's Mills, Rev. P. Townsend is having a prosperous year, notwithstanding his enfeebled health. For a Sunday or two, unable to stand and preach, he was obliged to deliver his sermon seated in a chair upon the platform. He has gathered many of the converts of last winter's revival into the Church and is now laboring earnestly for the salvation of others. The Sandwich prying band spent Sunday, December 17th, with him, with good effect.

At Osterville, early last summer, Rev. J. W. Fitch, who had labored with this people about two years, resigned his charge, withdrew from the M. E. Church and joined the Unitarian denomination, that he "might have liberty to preach the truth," as he remarked in his closing sermon. Rev. A. M. Osmond was, soon after, sent by the Elder, and his one of his old fields of labor, he knew just how to take hold. The board engaged him to fill out the year, and, as a result of his labors, they have once more a united and happy church.

At Cotuit, Port. Rev. S. E. Evans is patiently toiling for the salvation of souls. The Church is undenominational, but the Methodist portion of it maintain a distinct organization and increased spiritually through their class-meetings. For the last eight years the pulpit has been supplied by Methodist preachers. This is a hard fact. Organized infidelity contests every inch of ground with the Church. An infidel club has its weekly meetings to discuss religious questions and scatter the seeds of unbelief. Some thirty copies of the *Investigator* were here regularly taken and read. But the Church lives; it is a felt and dreaded power among them, and it occasionally rejoices in the conquest of souls for Christ.

At Monmouth, Rev. J. H. Humphrey is sowing the good seed, and expecting to see it spring up as last year, when the Church was quickened and souls saved. — [Remainder next week.]

North Cohasset. — Our Church in this place has for a long time sadly needed renovation. The freecoming, somber and heavy when new, had become much defaced; the platform, like most of those in New England churches, was too high, and the pulpit too large and too heavy in appearance. E. H. Sampson, eq., of Boston, kindly presented us with a beautiful walnut pulpit and arm-chair from the rooms of Braman, Shaw & Co. A cut of solid pine graces the head of their advertisement in the HERALD.

Henry Tolman, eq., Hon. E. S. Tobey, Hon. Jacob Sleeper, C. G. Beal, eq., and a few other friends in Boston, furnished the funds for the remainder of the work. The fresco painting is very neatly and tastefully done. It was executed by Mr. J. R. Seimens, of Boston, the painting as a whole, and under the supervision of H. Hood, eq., of Boston. Now we are hoping and praying for, and expecting, a baptism of the Holy Ghost upon the Church and community. Pray for us!

New Bedford. — At County Street M. E. Church, Sunday evening, Dec. 17th, an immense audience, filling the Church, gathered to hear Rev. J. S. Ostrander's admirable lecture on "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," illustrated by a large model of the tabernacle, fifteen by thirty feet, and also by the costume of the high priest, worn by the speaker. With great clearness and spiritual power the speaker explained the Gospel as God first gave it to man in symbols of color and form, and made the Bible clearer and more impressive to every hearer. On Monday evening Mr. Ostrander gave a second lecture on "Scenes in the Orient," in which nineteen persons in various oriental costumes assisted him in showing the customs and manners of the East in regard to eating, teaching, washing, weddings, funerals, etc. The lecture was wonderfully complete, instructive, entertaining and impressive.

These lectures are given at such moderate terms that every Church can afford to enjoy them on some one of the various plans. The lectures are enthusiastically endorsed by Dr. Vincent, Dr. Ridgway, and scores of our prominent preachers, and have filled many of our largest churches.

MAINE.

Items. — The citizens of Freeport are enjoying a series of lectures, for which they are largely indebted to the efforts of Rev. Brother Murphy, pastor of the Methodist Church in that place. Brother M. is doing a good work for the people and the cause of Christ.

A lodge of Good Templars was instituted at Sabbath, Dec. 6th, with twenty-nine charter members.

Ira Sturges, eq., of Augusta, Nelson Howard, eq., of Lewiston, and S. A. Eckford, eq., of Freeport, have been appointed by Gov. Connor, trustees of the Soldiers' Orphan Home at Bath. The Home is proving itself a great blessing to this unfortunate class.

The Maine State Grange met at Waterville, Dec. 12th. Two hundred and twenty-six subordinate granges reported. The attendance was large, and the reports of the executive committee and of the State agent show the order to be in a healthy condition throughout the State, with a prospect of profitable co-operation in trade, and in many other respects.

Brother Bradley, pastor of the M. E. Church in Bridgton, baptized ten persons, Dec. 10th, and admitted two to full membership. These are fruits of the present revival which is still progressing, although the good work is encountering some opposition.

Mr. Isaac Foster, Mr. William Gower, and Mr. Henry Baker, three of the oldest citizens of Waterville, have died within a short time. They were all persons much respected. Mr. Claudius M. Faver, an influential and highly respected citizen of Norway, died very suddenly Dec. 8th.

Mrs. Charles Fuller, of Hallowell, died from fright during an alarm of fire in that city Friday morning, Dec. 15th. Rev. Mr. Quimby, whose office was burned out in the recent severe fire in Augusta will publish his paper, the *Gospel Banner*, for the present, from the office of the *Maine Farmer*. Mr. Q. loses quite heavily by the fire.

Rev. Mr. Penny, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Augusta, has declined a call to the Roger Williams Church, in Providence, R. I., and will remain in his present pastorate, much to the satisfaction of his parish. Rev. Mr. Adams, pastor of the Methodist Church in Augusta, is enjoying a very prosperous year with his people, who know right well how to appreciate a good minister.

Rev. Mr. Sewall, pastor of the Congregational Church in Athens, has tendered his resignation.

Nathan Hunt, a student at Colby University (Waterville), is supplying the Baptist Church at West Trenton during the winter.

The Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at K-n's Hill is having a very prosperous winter term. The health of

President Torrey is much improved, allowing him to be at his post of duty.

Rev. Mr. McWhinnie, of the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, is devoting Monday evenings to the exposition of the Sunday-school lessons, in the vestry of his church. Considerable interest is being awakened in these expositions beyond his own society.

It gives us great pleasure to report that Brother D. B. Randall is recovering from his recent distressing illness, and hopes are entertained that he will yet do efficient service for the Master. Rev. J. C. Perry has been assisting in the pastoral work and supplying the pulpit Sabbath, December 17th.

Four persons were received into the Methodist Church at Ogunquit, Dec. 10th, by Rev. D. M. DeHughes.

Prof. William L. Marshall, of Fitchburg, Mass., delivered his popular lecture — "An Evening in Wonderland, or the Yellowstone National Park" — in Pine Street church, last Thursday evening.

Bishop Foster is to spend Sabbath, Feb. 18th, in Portland, and open the District Conference, Monday evening, the 19th, with a sermon.

The fourth address to young men was delivered by Rev. A. H. Wright, pastor of St. Lawrence Street Congregational Church, Portland, Sunday evening, Dec. 17th. Subject, "What must I do to be saved?"

The annual sermon in aid of the Portland Benevolent Society, was delivered by Prof. Barbour, of Bangor, Dec. 17th, in the First Parish church, Portland. This society has been in active operation for seventy-five years, ministering to the wants of the poor in various ways.

During the gale of Saturday, Dec. 16th, the unfinished Union church at K-n's Hill was demolished. Several buildings were unroofed and otherwise damaged by the gale, in and about Portland.

A union convention of the Sunday-schools in Kennebec and vicinity, was held in Kennebec last week. Alden Baker, of Gardiner, was president, and S. F. Fairfield, of K., secretary. The meeting was spirited throughout, and the discussions evinced that the ministers, a good share of whom were Methodists, were live Sabbath-school men.

The temperance interest at Saco, which developed into a strong organization about two years ago at the close of the temperance camp-meeting, at Old Orchard, still continues under the presidency of E. G. Delano. Meetings are held each Sabbath evening in the City Hall, which is usually filled.

A union Sunday-school convention was held last week at Biddeford, and an organization effected for York County, with annual meeting fixed in the month of May.

Rev. H. Wither has resigned the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Saco, and has accepted a call to supply Free Baptist Church in Norwich, N. Y.

EAST MAINE.

Waldoboro'. — The Churches in Waldoboro' are enjoying an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We had a few ministers here the first of November, followed by the coming of Rev. E. A. Whitmer, an evangelist from Lawrence, Mass. — a man full of faith, and abundant in labors. We, being from time to time in one place with an accord, received the baptism of "power from on high." As the result, a fair revival broke out, and a hundred souls were converted.

Brother Wither labored with us two weeks, and then went to the regions beyond, to gather souls for the Master. The work of salvation still goes on. We have never seen it on this wise here. Christ is the theme of all believers, not party names. We hold the Spirit in the bond of peace; and we pray, ere the Conference year shall close, that many more names shall be enrolled among the saved of the Lord.

A very gracious revival is in progress in Palermo, under the labors of Brother W. F. Chase. Some forty or fifty have been at the altar, and most of them have found justification. The work embraces all ages and conditions of the people. The older brethren, therefore, remark that the like has not been witnessed for many years.

Rev. John B. Bean, a local preacher, and brother of Rev. L. H. and J. Bean, went home to rest, recently, after a long and painful illness. He had supplied in the regular work for a number of years, quite acceptably.

Rev. N. Webb and family have been called to mourn the death of their daughter and sister. Addie was a graduate of Kent's Hill Female College, and an estimable young lady. She had been in feeble health for some time.

Brother Wentworth, at Wiscasset, received three young men into full membership Sabbath evening, Dec. 17.

Rev. D. Smith, in charge of Bremen and Round Pond, has had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse recently, by sickness.

Being obliged last spring to hold the session of our Conference four weeks later than usual, and then the Bishops having appointed the next session about two weeks earlier, makes bad work for us. It is time we considered some plan to avoid, every four years, a year of thirteen months and another of eleven.

Quite a revival is in progress at Cross Hill, under the labors of Rev. J. E. Clifford. This commenced the meetings under discouraging circumstances, but the faithful ones "Hold the Fort," and about a dozen, including the leader of the opposition party, have begun to pray. "The battle is the Lord's."

An extensive revival is in progress at Centre Mountain. The whole community is stirred, and the church is filled to overflow every night.

Bradley is to have a course of lectures this winter, the proceeds to help build a church. Rockport Churches are enjoying prosperity. At the M. E. Church seven or eight have been reclaimed recently, and an increasing interest prevails. The ladies of the society held a levee and fair in connection with a Christmas tree on Christmas night. The proceeds are to be used in the purchase of a pipe organ for the church. The Rockport reform club is in a very flourishing condition. They have lately removed into a new hall, and are about to open a reading-room for its members as well as the public.

President Torrey is much improved, allowing him to be at his post of duty.

Rev. Mr. McWhinnie, of the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, is devoting Monday evenings to the exposition of the Sunday-school lessons, in the vestry of his church. Considerable interest is being awakened in these expositions beyond his own society.

It gives us great pleasure to report that Brother D. B. Randall is recovering from his recent distressing illness, and hopes are entertained that he will yet do efficient service for the Master. Rev. J. C. Perry has been assisting in the pastoral work and supplying the pulpit Sabbath, December 17th.

Four persons were received into the Methodist Church at Ogunquit, Dec. 10th, by Rev. D. M. DeHughes.

Prof. William L. Marshall, of Fitchburg, Mass., delivered his popular lecture — "An Evening in Wonderland, or the Yellowstone National Park" — in Pine Street church, last Thursday evening.

Bishop Foster is to spend Sabbath, Feb. 18th, in Portland, and open the District Conference, Monday evening, the 19th, with a sermon.

The fourth address to young men was delivered by Rev. A. H. Wright, pastor of St. Lawrence Street Congregational Church, Portland, Sunday evening, Dec. 17th. Subject, "What must I do to be saved?"

The annual sermon in aid of the Portland Benevolent Society, was delivered by Prof. Barbour, of Bangor, Dec. 17th, in the First Parish church, Portland. This society has been in active operation for seventy-five years, ministering to the wants of the poor in various ways.

During the gale of Saturday, Dec. 16th, the unfinished Union church at K-n's Hill was demolished. Several buildings were unroofed and otherwise damaged by the gale, in and about Portland.

A union convention of the Sunday-schools in Kennebec and vicinity, was held in Kennebec last week. Alden Baker, of Gardiner, was president, and S. F. Fairfield, of K., secretary. The meeting was spirited throughout, and the discussions evinced that the ministers, a good share of whom were Methodists, were live Sabbath-school men.

The temperance interest at Saco, which developed into a strong organization about two years ago at the close of the temperance camp-meeting, at Old Orchard, still continues under the presidency of E. G. Delano. Meetings are held each Sabbath evening in the City Hall, which is usually filled.

A union Sunday-school convention was held last week at Biddeford, and an organization effected for York County, with annual meeting fixed in the month of May.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings. — The Chestnut St. M. E. Church, Nashua, which for some time has been closed, is now being repaired, and was reopened Dec. 24. It has been tastefully frescoed in oil, the organ has been put in thorough repair, the wood-work has been newly painted, new carpets have been put upon the floor, and the church now presents a very attractive appearance. The whole cost of the improvements — something less than \$4000 — has been paid by voluntary contributions, so that no debt will remain. The condition of this society has not for years been so prosperous as now. All are perfectly united under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. L. P. Cushman, and a good revival spirit is being enjoyed. Several valuable additions have recently been made to the Church. A number of persons who were heads of families, have recently found the Saviour in the meetings.

The Wesley M. E. Church, of Haverhill, Mass., have cleared \$175 on their course of lectures this season. Harmony and prosperity are being enjoyed. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Milten, has lately preached two sermons on "The Bible in the Schools," which excited no small interest in the community.

Since Mr. Potter, the evangelist, closed his labors in Plymouth, the meetings have been much thickened, and a good number of conversions have taken place. It is hoped the good work has but fairly begun.

A successful fair was lately held by the M. E. Society of Portsmouth. A baby-show was one feature of it, at which eighteen entries were made.

A fine new bell has just been placed in the tower of the Baptist church in Hopkinton — a gift of Mrs. John Jones, a resident of the town.

Rev. C. O. Libby, formerly secretary of the Freewill Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, died at Dover, Dec. 21. He was a native member of the Freewill Baptist denomination, and his loss will be felt.

A monument is to be raised over the grave of Rev. Thomas Weld, the first minister of Nashua, sufficient funds having been secured among the citizens of the place. Mr. Weld was massacred by the Indians in 1702.

The beautiful chapel of the Baker Memorial M. E. Society, of Concord, was appropriately dedicated in the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 21. Rev. B. K. Peirce, D. D., preached the sermon. The chapel is very tasteful and convenient, and both pastor and people are deserving of large praise that this enterprise has been brought to a successful consummation, in spite of great embarrassments and difficulties.

Kansas Correspondence. To some extent, there is a misapprehension relative to Kansas people, socially and intellectually. The time was when Ohio people went to Indiana to teach school. The time is now when professional men think the West a good place for practice. Let it be remembered that Kansas population is made up from Illinois, Ohio, the Middle and New England States; and that many of our professional men passed under the shadow of those same universities. There are States east where dark spots, large as townships and counties, can be found. Such a thing in Kansas, would be a phenomenon.

North, South, East and West of our eighty thousand square miles of territory will not suffer by comparison with any State east. If I thought my politics would not be suspected, I would say that Kansas people vote with peculiar discernment. Every citizen in the State was Republican.

To illustrate the idea of misapprehension touching Kansas, I give a case. When the writer was in charge of a station, a noble and intelligent brother, from near the ringside, was packing his trunk for a trip to our city, when his good wife said, "Dear, had you not better take along some samples of the Berean Lesson leaves? They will be a great curiosity to the people out there." He put them in, and in a few days was in our flourishing Sunday-school, and a student in our well-thought Bible class. It was too good to keep, and he frankly told all: but he did not take the samples out of his trunk; for we had had a full set for ten years previous.

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Free to All New Subscribers

the balance of the Year.

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From Rhode Island: "

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.
Sunday, January 7.
Lesson 1. 1 Kings xii, 12-20.

BY REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON.

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

The portrait of king Solomon, which our last year's lessons gave us, left the impression upon our minds of a great man. The sad sequel to his reign—a reign which covered the most brilliant period in the history of Israel—we are now to review. Because Solomon was great in wickedness as well as in wisdom, he left an inheritance of discord to his nation. He soiled his fame and undermined the power of the throne upon which he sat for forty years, by profanity and idolatry. From his own court Jeroboam went out a sworn enemy to the kingdom of Solomon; and Ahijah the prophet assured Jeroboam, by tearing his garment into twelve pieces and giving him ten of them, that it was the divine purpose to divide the twelve tribes between Solomon's successor and Jeroboam. After Solomon's death his son Rehoboam assembled the nation at Shechem, expecting to take from a united people the crown that his father left. Jeroboam here confronted the prince, and in the name of the people, who claimed to have suffered from Solomon's oppressions, demanded reform, a lightening of the heavy yoke which had galled them. Rehoboam asked the old men for counsel, and they said, Reform. He asked the young men for counsel, and they said, Chastise. Tell these restless subjects, they said, who are clamoring for a gentler scepter than Solomon, that Rehoboam's "little finger shall be thicker than his father's loins"; and that whereas he chastised with whips, retribution shall now fall with the sting of scorpions.

Jeroboam and all the people came to Rehoboam the third day, etc. Jeroboam and the people were determined upon a new order of things, either by a reform in the administration which Rehoboam was about to take up, or by a revolt and the establishment of a separate kingdom. Rehoboam had met the demand which the revolutionists presented to him at Shechem, by postponing his decision for three days. During this time he consulted both the fathers, whose wise counsel he rejected, and the young men, whose hasty judgment that the malcontents of the realm should be whipped into submission was accepted. The people now gathered to hear his decision.

The king answered the people roughly. Rehoboam had not the genius of a ruler. He was revengeful and harsh; the qualities of a despot were in him. It is not politic, to say the least, for one who holds authority, to make it felt by threats and abuse.

And forsook the old men's counsel. They begged the king to be a servant to the people, and thus win them to obedience. The seniors of the nation understood the times, and knew what would be a successful policy for the king to pursue, in order to restore peace and prosperity to the kingdom; but their wise words had no weight with the headstrong prince.

The way to rule is to serve; to do good and to stoop to do it. Those in power really sit highest, and easiest, and safest, that do so (Henry).

My father made your yoke heavy. The charge of the people against the reign of Solomon was no doubt exaggerated and unjust; for, in chapter iv, 25, the account is that, "all the days of Solomon," all the people dwelt safely, every man under his own vine and fig-tree. Rehoboam is not true to his father's memory in reiterating an unjust assertion against him.

I will add to your yoke. How foolish was this counsel of the young men, and how imprudent was the king to use it! He alienated his subjects by holding up before them a gloomy prospect of tyrannous rule.

I will chastise you with scorpions. My father used only the common lash; I will scourge you with "thorn-whips," such as are used for slaves. These well-words threats show that Rehoboam was determined upon exercising his power with a fixed policy of subjugating all discontent by cruelty. If your former tasks were severe, those you perform under me shall be more grinding. If taxes under Solomon were galling, those which Rehoboam levies shall make you groan.

The king hearkened not unto the people. He acted the part of a senseless, headstrong youth, inexperienced in the science of government, and unwilling to take the advice of good counselors. He seemed to be smitten with judicial blindness.

For the cause was from the Lord. There was a divine purpose at work; the prophecy uttered by Ahijah had gone forth like a doom upon Israel and its king. It was more than a mere passing discontent of a few people with the incoming sovereign. God's mighty hand was cleaving the nation asunder.

God educates nations as the representatives of principles. Nations are servants of God's purposes. When a nation plants itself in the way of a plan of God for the progress of the race, Divine Providence waits with long-suffering while the pride and pomp and circumstance of national implety accumulate (as with Israel under Solomon), but at the same time gathers along side of these the materials of retribution (Prof. Austin Phelps).

What portion have we in David? The people felt themselves alienated from the royal line of David. They could not feel loyalty to a pronounced tyrant like Rehoboam, though he was David's grandson. But the house of David had turned with threats upon them; how could they feel any pride in the lineage of Jesse?

To your tents, O Israel! The spirit of revolution possessed these outraged Israelites, and they were ready to assume a military attitude, and declare themselves cut loose from Rehoboam.

See to thine own house, David. Here the line between the tribes seems to have been drawn. The tribe of Judah, from which David sprang, was called upon by the revolutionists to endure the tyranny of Rehoboam. As much as to say, He is your child; your tribe has begotten this tyrant; now let him rule you; we will rather rebel.

As for the children of Israel, etc. The members of the tribes who lived in the cities of Judah became the subjects of Rehoboam. They submitted to the representative of the line which had its origin in their tribe. Perhaps a little tribal loyalty brought Judah to this stand. It was certainly not because their king was worthy of their allegiance and support.

The spirit of partisanship in politics or religion often proves regardless of any principle that transcends party. Paul gave the Corinthian Church a rebuke for harboring a spirit so disastrous to their unity and efficiency. National unity is endangered by a grade of politics that is ready to sacrifice great moral interests to the victory of a candidate.

Then king Rehoboam sent Adoram—sometimes written Adoniram. This was sending a tax-gatherer to treat with an over-taxed people. He was probably sent to make terms with them, but, being an emissary of the hated king, his very presence was odious.

And all Israel stoned him with stones, etc. This was the first passionate outbreak between the sovereign and his rebellious subjects, which resulted in the death of one of his chief ministers.

King Rehoboam made speed, etc. This overt act of rebellion frightened the king, so that he fled by chariot to his capital.

So Israel rebelled, etc. The royal house was now divided. The stream of Jewish history is henceforth, for a long passage, to flow in two separate channels. The integrity of Solomon's great empire is broken. Rebellion has disunited the tribes. A people homogeneous in history, language and religion, is rent in twain. Sin is the great separating force.

When all Israel heard that Jeroboam was come again, etc. When his return from Egypt had been made known throughout the revolting tribes, he was summoned by them to receive the crown, and to set up a separate kingdom. We cannot accuse Jeroboam of self-seeking when a prophet had foretold to him his destiny, and the people now unite their voices to sanction and fulfill that prophecy. But it was rebellion still, and a revolt against that royal house which was made sacred both in its foundation by a divine hand, and through the promise it contained of producing, at last, the world's Messiah.

And made him king over all Israel—over all the tribes, except Benjamin and Judah. The numerical strength of the rebellion shows how wide-spread was the disaffection.

There was none that followed the house of David, etc. Only a remnant remained to carry on the lineage of David, the son of Jesse.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, January 7.

- 1 In what year did Solomon die?
- 2 Who was Jeroboam?
- 3 Who was Solomon's rightful successor?
- 4 Did the people have reason to complain of misrule?
- 5 What counsel did Rehoboam seek?
- 6 In what respect was Rehoboam impolitic as well as harsh?
- 7 Was Jeroboam justified in heading the rebellion?
- 8 Where lay the sin of the revolt?
- 9 How many tribes rebelled?
- 10 Was the kingdom of Israel ever reunited?

The Family.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BY HELEN CHASE STEEL.

Happy New Year, little readers!
And all who shall hear my lay!
May the good God above,
And His infinite love,
Dwell with you day by day!

A Happy New Year, little ladies!
With rocking-horse, top, and ball;
Love father and mother,
And your great Elder Brother—
The Lord who is over us all.

A Happy New Year, little girls!
With your books and your dolls and toys;
Remember that Jesus
Who died to redeem us,
Is beside you to share your joys.

A Happy New Year to the babies!
Innocent, cunning and wee;
Christ's hand uphold them,
And His love unfold them,
In the years that are to be!

Happy New Year, little Christians,
A joyous, happy new year!
When you cross the portal
Of the city immortal,
Oh, a happy, eternal year!

TWO CHRISTMAS LADDERS.

BY M. NEALL.

There was a row of houses built very much alike on Dedham Street. Every one was illuminated one Christmas eve, but in the house on the corner, the children seemed to be waiting for something. There were only two that belonged in the family, but their mother had invited three or four who had nothing provided for their amusement at home, on this evening of all evenings

when children should be happily cared for.

Just at the last moment it was discovered that the oysters for their little feast had not come, and the father had gone out for them. Mrs. Dover begged the time by playing, singing and telling stories, but the children were impatient to go into the parlor. It was now eight. Feeling not a little vexation of spirit, she decided to wait no longer, but led the way and unlocked the door.

No wonder the children screamed and danced round wild with delight. There, from the floor to the ceiling extended an evergreen ladder. At the end of each round a colored wax-light was burning, that glowed and sparkled all down its long green length—a shining way of brightness. The heavier and more cumbersome gifts were arranged near the base, but towards the top were gayly striped twists of candy, oranges, gilt paper, toys, and snowy balls of popcorn, with ripe, red apples.

To distribute the presents came, next. This, too, had been reserved for Mr. Dover, who still failed to make his appearance. Then the mother called the little ones round her, and tried to teach them the lesson of life's ladder which stretches up between the earth and skies. How evermore their feet were on its rungs, either going up or coming down, and never standing still. When they were good, how they were climbing upwards; but disobedient children, and those that were unkind, were going down backwards, and would not reach the top that rested in the beautiful heavens.

After this they played awhile longer, and then began to be sleepy and tired. The invited guests went home, and the others to bed, and still Mrs. Dover sat waiting and watching with not a little anxiety now, that was deepening steadily into alarm.

Twelve o'clock. She started to go to a neighbor's for help, when she heard a noise at the door as if it were being opened by some one unused to it; then a shuffling gait along the hall, an awkward attempt to open the parlor door, and the missing man was before her.

Something seemed to keep Mrs. Dover from springing to meet him. Something was now dilating her nostrils, opening her eyes very wide, parting her lips; but she did not speak.

As her husband came with uncertain steps towards her, a foot caught in the ladder, and he swayed and fell trippingly to the floor. Making but little attempt to rise, he was soon apparently sleeping heavily. Mrs. Dover looked at him with a mixture of dismay and contempt. Though she knew he was not a strictly temperance man, she had never dreamed of seeing him in this character.

Long she sat thinking swiftly; then commenced to go about the house, carrying one thing and another away, and bringing out others. In the cold, gray morning she roused and dressed the children, putting on warm outer garments, and with herself in readiness started for the railway station.

Hours afterwards the form on the floor began to show signs of consciousness, and came slowly into an upright position, cold, stiff, and in no very enviable frame of mind. The man soon took in the situation—the deserted house, his high-spirited wife, and the good home he had to go to, where parents would sympathize in the disgrace he had brought upon her.

How he despised himself! How he despised those "good, sociable fellows," as he had called them only the evening before, who had persuaded him to step in "just for a Christmas drink, you know"; and jolly good company he had thought them while forgetting his errand, his waiting wife and expectant children.

Biddy McLain was no kind of consolation to him. She was an old friend of the family, and had seen much service in it. He took his meals at her house, and if ever he complained or attempted to defend his conduct, she would exclaim, "No wonder she left you, not a bit; and you a-thinkin' more of those roystering, good-for-nothing tipplers than of her and the pretty children! I'd left if I'd been in her place, and I wouldn't come back in a hurry either—good home as she's got; and they never over and above wanted her to have you either. Needn't tell me—guess I know all about it; and sniffing the smoky air of her kitchen, Biddy would completely reduce him to silence.

Long enough seemed the year he worked and boarded in this way. But the club invitations lost their charm. Now that he had seen what they could do and undo, they were to him no longer sources of temptation, but of remorse. When hints of Christmas began again to cheer, he provided himself with many a bundle and mysterious package, and early one morning took them in a team and drove off in the direction of Lester Farms where lived his wife's father.

Cold, hungry, eager, expectant, he arrived at the house. It was all closed up. A tenant came out of a house near by, and said, "the folks had all gone away to spend Christmas." That was all he knew. Mr. Dover found a place to eat, and rest for his tired horse, and then, completely discouraged, started slowly to return.

And now an old evil spirit which had been patiently abiding its time commenced to assail him, suggesting that he had done his part and more. She was not willing to do hers. He had better give himself up to having a good time independently of her. He had tried to make himself worthy of her love and esteem, and this was what came of it. It was of no use. Ah, if a brimstone glass had been passed to his lips of that which makes for a little while what is unreal, real; and what is so

misery real seem unreal, he would have drained it at once! But he was not befriended in any such way.

In the edge of the evening he came in sight of his once happy home. A light was shining there. It was on fire, perhaps, and he bitterly thought it did not matter much to him if it was. Yet he drove on faster. The lower part of the house was blazing with light, the curtains were up, and as he got nearer he could see people moving inside. He soon fastened his horse, and went softly up the gravel walk. The curtain had partly fallen over the window that opened on the piazza. He looked through. Some one came towards it, raised the curtain, and let the pitiless light stream full upon him. Then, instead of a window, it was a door, and they had met upon the threshold—the husband and wife, with the children climbing around them.

How fresh and inviting everything looked! There was another Christmas ladder just where the other had been, with colored candles burning and blinking and twinkling like stars at the end of each evergreen round; and every round was loaded with gifts. Mrs. Dover gave her husband the presents she had prepared the year before; but there was nothing to compare with the one on the topmost round for her. It was the pledge, and signed with the name of, Preston Dover.

HANDEL, THE MUSICIAN.

BY COL. HENRY LITTLE.

In my former communication, dated August 31, I gave the date of Handel's birth, also of the time of his decease, his age, and but few particulars of this illustrious and voluminous composer. I now give other particulars, say a few of his very noted pieces of music composed at different times during his life of 75 years. It is said he never allowed himself to be idle a single moment.

I quote some facts written by Charles E. Pascoe, in *Appleton's Journal*; also from other sources. Whitechurch speaks far more of the genius of Handel than it does of the regal magnificence of the comparatively unknown Duke of Chandos. Down the lane leading to the church must have passed time and time again the wonderful man of music, his features, finely marked, and his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity and benevolence—the man of genius all over, with the large, full forehead, the counterpart in dress, deportment and lineament of the only true likeness we have of this great man, is the statue on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

He was a man of singular breadth of heart. The latter days of his life were wholly spent in acts of benevolence. The glorious "Messiah" was performed under the personal direction of Handel himself for the first time at Dublin. His charity to the Foundling Hospital in London is notorious.

Handel was a man of the most extraordinary activity of mind, an intense worker, and one of the most gifted as well as one of the most learned men who have ever lived. His opera of "Rinaldo," the first opera, I believe, ever performed in England, and one which met with extraordinary success, was composed so rapidly that Rossini, the Italian poet who wrote the words, declared that the composer was so swift in his work that to his (Rossini's) great astonishment it was entirely produced in a fortnight.

The grand oratorio of Samson was composed in thirty-five days. The sublime and magnificent "Messiah" appeared in manuscript entire within twenty-three days from the date the composer penned the first note.

Handel seems to have been perpetually working. He no sooner conceived an idea than it took shape, and with little turning over in the brain appeared ultimately, and in marvellously short time, he said, either as some elaborate composition of consummate workmanship and skill, or as a less pretentious piece of music of score, harmony and beauty.

One day, as Handel was on his way to Cannons, he took shelter from a shower in a humble cottage which stood at the back of the shed. The cottage was the dwelling-place of one Powell, who followed his energetic calling of a blacksmith. He was the parish clerk of his grace of Chandos' chapel at Whitechurch. After the usual salutations had passed between them, the blacksmith went to work at his forge in the shed, and being, like most blacksmiths, light of heart as well as strong of limb, he sung a song while he wielded the hammer. Handel, deeply interested, listened for a moment.

By an extraordinary phenomenon, the hammer, striking in tune, drew from the anvil two distinct harmonic sounds, which, being in accord with the melody Powell was singing, made a sort of continuous bass. His brain conceived an idea on the discovery, and forthwith it began to shape. The ring of the hammer on the anvil and voice of the blacksmith should be made to form a noted piece for Handel's favorite instrument—the harpsichord.

At once he went home, and in due time "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was composed and given to the world; and after the lapse of a century and a half, it is to this day held to be one of the most charming and popular melodies ever composed by man.

Great musicians are prone to be sensitive, and Handel was intensely so when the members of his choir made a mistake at his exhibitions. He was a man greatly beloved. His prayer was answered that he might die on Good Friday. It was even so. He expired on the 13th of April, 1759, after a very useful and active life of seventy-five years.

A LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS.

BY LUTHERA WHITNEY.

On a prayer-desk of the chapel,
In an old baronial hall,
Lay a priceless velvet Bible,
Chained and bolted to the wall.

Before it, on a velvet cushion,
Was Francesco of the Yare,
Reading from the holy volume,
In the attitude of prayer.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel"—
As she read she heard a call:
"Master, with his hunting party,
Waits your coming in the hall."

Half an hour she spent in talking
Of the coming chase and feast;
Horse and hounds, and tercel gentle,
That should ride upon her wrist.

Then, returning to the chapel,
She began the Psalm anew,
"Truly, God is good to Israel"—
"Mama, mama, I want you."

Called her daughter from the nursery,
And no shadow dimmed her face,
Though she left her index pointing
To the same remembered place.

Scarcely had she hushed the baby,
When three holy pillars stood
At the draw-bridge, humbly craving
In Christ's name for rest and food.

"Thus I serve Thee in my household,
Of my work an offering make,
Sanctify, O My Father,
And accept it for His sake."

Praying thus, she served the pilgrims
From the castle's choicest store;
And the fourth time read her lesson,
To the same verse as before.

The fifth time at the threshold
She paused in mute surprise,
For from her humble prayer-desk
She saw an angel rise.

He touched her blessed Bible
With his starred and plumed pen,
Then slowly folded upward,
And she stood alone again.

With reverent feet she sought her desk,
And knelt in silent awe,
For on the letters of her text,
The angel's work she saw.

No longer black with scribner's ink,
But golden, clear and bright,
These words upon the velvet page
Shone with a heavenly light:

"Nevertheless I am continually with Thee. Thou hast hidden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel,"
Of the old monastic time;
But in it read a lesson
For your busy life and mine.

STORY OF A BANK NOTE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

John Chamberlain was just home from the West, where he had met with no end of adventures—the general experience of your New England boy, when he strikes out toward the setting sun in pursuit of bread and butter.

The Chamberlains had all come in, without ceremony, to spend the evening, in accordance with a pleasant custom that obtained in our neighborhood—Aunt Mary, as every one called Mrs. Chamberlain, with her knitting, Jane and Gertrude with their crochet work, and little Tom with "the chequered game of life," which John had brought to him, under his arm.

John was always good-natured, full of fun, and was now—little Tom whispered to his Mamie as they spread the brightly-colored game on the round table—"brimful of stories." As we drew our chairs in a circle around the open fire, we found that the little fellow was right.

We all questioned, and John went from one story of railroad life to another; for a locomotive engineer does, in fact, fall in with a variety of people, and with ever-shifting scenes.

"I suppose you always managed to get enough to eat of something," said father, as we were all laughing over the description of his first experience in eating Bologna sausage and Limburger cheese.

"Always, with but one exception," said John, hitching his chair around so as to face father.

"I'll tell you how it was. I had got tired of the road where I commenced work when I went West. It was a rough track, and the climate all along the valley disagreed with me; so, hearing there were men wanted on the B. and Z. L. Road, I went straight to Iowa. Arrived there I had an interview with the master-mechanic of the road, and showed him my letters of recommendation from various railroad officials.

"He told me that there was to be a new train put on in two weeks, and I should have it.

"Thinking a bird in the hand worth two in the bush, I ran my machine into the nearest hash-house, or, in other words, not in railroad lingo, I put up at a hotel, and lounged around, getting acquainted with the locality and the railroad men, and occasionally running over the different roads with some brother engineer, up the river and down, and west, over the line I expected to run.

"I hadn't much money, for I had been down with the fever and ague so often that I had not been able to get ahead; it took all my wages above my board for quinine. It is a fact that I used to carry it loose in my vest pocket, and eat it when I was so weak I couldn't get along without it.

"When the first day of March came, I went, as I had been instructed, to headquarters, for my orders, only to find that the 'old man' had forgotten all about me, and had promoted a fireman to the identical situation that had been promised to me. I shouldn't like to say in mother's presence that I was mad, for she would repeat that little word about letting the 'angry passions rise,' but I did feel a righteous indignation, and gave that man a piece

of my mind. But it didn't make the least impression upon him. He was about starting on a trip, on the line of the Union Pacific, with a party on a hunting expedition, and couldn't be troubled with my small affairs; would pay no heed to the matter of expense I had been subjected to while waiting for his orders; wouldn't give me a pass to Chicago, nor lend me a dollar, although I asked him for that more to bother him than for any other reason, he was so disagreeable. Happily there are but few such railroad officials.

"Well, I went back to my hotel as down-hearted and homesick a boy as you would care to see. It was eight o'clock Monday morning. I paid my bill, and had five cents left. I had not been to breakfast, and hadn't much appetite; so, taking my traveling bag, I left for the station. On my way there I bought two apples with my five cents, and put them in my pocket with a queer consciousness that they were all that stood between me and starvation.

"I took the first train for Chicago via Peoria, Illinois. There was no trouble about my fare, for I had my papers proving me to be a railroad man.

"Arriving at Peoria, I inquired for a former chum of mine who had been a telegraph operator there the last I knew of him.

"He left for the East a month ago," said the station agent. I turned on my heel, too disappointed to speak a word, and jumped aboard a train which stood waiting. In two minutes I was steaming toward Chicago by the way of Joliet.

"I felt pretty blue I can tell you. I wasn't brought up to beg, and there wasn't much of a show to borrow, and, under the circumstances, borrowing would look very much like begging.

"On and on we went, all day and all night. You may well believe that I thought of this old New England town and the little cottage at home, its pantry, and mother and the girls, and of little Tommy here—how full his stomach probably was of bread and milk.

"As it grew toward morning, I said with prayerful unction, and with a pervading sense of the real meaning of the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' for I hadn't had a mouthful to eat, excepting those apples, since Sunday night."

John paused a moment to recover his voice, which he had, somehow, lost just here. Aunt Mary took off her glasses and wiped them on a corner of her black silk apron, while little Tom left his place at the table, and softly coming round, leaned on his brother's shoulder. John went on:

"We drew up in the Chicago depot in the gray March morning, and I picked up my carpet-bag and stumbled out of the car, faint and heavy-hearted, not acquainted with a soul in the city, and without any definite aim, or any idea of what was to become of me.

"I happened to glance down on the depot platform as I jumped from the car steps, my eye falling upon what I supposed to be a wad of refuse paper. I impulsively stooped and picked it up, and, going along under a gas jet that was still left burning in the early morning, I soon found that the muddily little ball, which many feet had stepped upon, was a greenback! There was no use in looking for an owner in that rushing, crowding mass of people, and somehow I felt as if the money had come straight from heaven in answer to my prayer. I have never had a doubt since, and never shall have again, that God cares momentarily for even the smallest of His creatures.

"I shut my hand tight upon the bank note, and made a rush for the nearest eating-house, where, very hurriedly, and, no doubt, in rather an imperious manner, I ordered the waiter to bring me ham and eggs, brown bread and coffee.

"After the waiter brought the meal to my table, and I began to eat, I felt there was one truly thankful heart in that restaurant that morning.

"I hadn't looked at the note long enough to ascertain its denomination until I walked up to the check-counter to pay for my breakfast, when, caring less taking it from my fob pocket where I had tucked it, and smooching it out, I found it to be a twenty-dollar greenback, as true as I sit here! Wasn't I rich?" and John brushed the tears from his eyes with the rest of us, and choked up, and swallowed two or three times before he proceeded.

"As I went out upon the street again with my carpet-bag still in my hand, I met some men whom I took to be railroad hands, entering the eating-house, talking quite loudly about an engineer whose name caught my ear, it being familiar to me.

"A good-hearted but reckless sort of chap," said one, 'who takes pride in getting the officers of the road into his cab when the train is behind time, and scaring them with his fast running.'

"Where is Jim Mathews now?" I asked, stepping up to the man as he passed a moment in his story.

"Up in Wisconsin," he replied very pleasantly; 'he drives the fast express from Madison to La Crosse.'

"I ran back to the depot again, and, as luck would have it, a train for Madison would start in fifteen minutes. I got aboard, and was soon on my way.

"I had no difficulty in finding my old acquaintance—Jim Mathews—in Madison. There was no vacancy on the road where he was at work, but I sent me to Winona, Minnesota, where I found a job, and went to work March fourth."

As we were all exclaiming over the mysterious ways of Providence, other neighbors came in, enlarging the circle

around our cheery fire. The general conversation turned, after a while, upon traveling, losing baggage, small articles, etc.

"The only time that I ever lost anything, when traveling," said Mrs. Hutchings, "was a year ago last spring when I came home from Chicago. I started East on the early morning train, and just before I stepped from the depot platform, where we had been standing a moment hurriedly exchanging our final messages to our friends, to my car, my brother William handed me a bank note.

"I don't want it," I said, 'I have money enough for my journey, and that is as much as I care to have about me.'

"But he insisted that I might need it; so I took the note and tucked it in my glove, as I supposed, between the glove and my hand, as I have a trick of doing with my change when I am shopping. I frequently come home with my glove so stuffed out with scrip that my hand looks deformed.

"I didn't think of the note again until the train was miles away, when, having finished reading the morning paper, and being about to settle myself into a comfortable position, I thought of my kind brother's present, when lo! it was not to be found.

"I felt rather badly, of course, but prayed in my heart that some needy person might find it, and so did not make myself unhappy about it.

"After arriving safely home, and writing my brother, I asked him how much money there was, he gave me that morning. He replied that 'it was a twenty-dollar greenback!'

"When was it?" asked John, jumping from his chair and standing in front of the lady. "Can you tell me the year, and the month, and the day?"

"Certainly, for this was the only lengthy journey I ever made, and I will remember all the dates. It was Tuesday morning, March 2, 187—"

"Then," said John, taking out his pocket-book, "I owe you twenty dollars with interest from that time to the present."

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